The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

JOSEPH PULITZER, Pres., 7 East 73d Street. J. ANGUS SHAW, Sec.-Treas., 201 West 112th Street.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.		For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.	
One Year	$3.50	One Year	$9.75
One Month	.30	One Month	.85

VOLUME 48 .... NO. 17,038.

WALK AND SAVE MONEY.

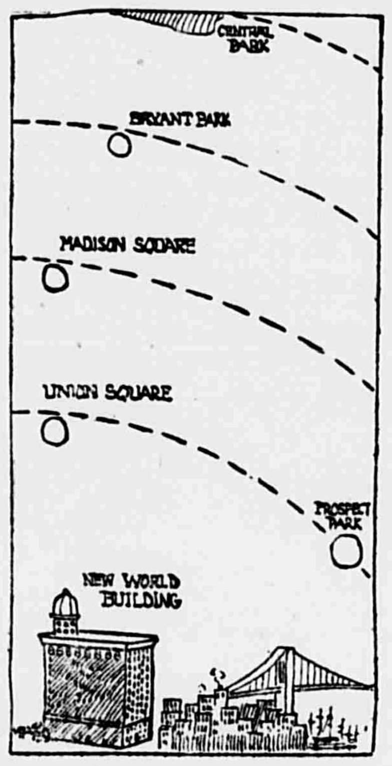
PEOPLE walk too little. Women especially do not walk as much as they should.

The abolition of transfers between the Third avenue and Metropolitan systems may make people walk more. It certainly should.

In various employments men get sufficient exercise through their necessary work. Longshoremen, truckmen, motormen, conductors, bricklayers, carpenters and other workmen in the building trades, shipping clerks, porters, elevator men, hundreds of thousands whose employment makes them work physically, do not need to walk except for the effect of mild exercise in the open air on their lungs. And that is so beneficial that it should be an inducement for them to walk too.

Few women get enough physical exercise and almost no women are out of doors enough. Where women are employed, as in shops, factories, typewriting and the like, their work gives them little physical exercise.

Where women do not work for wages at all, and keep house in a small flat on the delicatessen plan, they do not take enough exercise to keep from becoming fat. Shopping and going out to dinner are their recreations. Of exercise they have none. That is one reason why the afternoon feminine shopping crowds have so much flesh to spare and look so uncomfortable in their tight clothes.



Everybody should walk at least three or four miles a day regardless of the weather unless there is such a storm as to make exposure dangerous, and that does not happen ten days in the year.

Walking is better than antifat. It beats pills. It cuts out the doctor bills.

The street car roads make their profits through the short hauls. If a car was filled at one terminal and everybody stayed in until the other terminal was reached there would be no 90 per cent. gross profit out of every nickel.

Now that transfers between the two big systems have been cut off, their cost of operation has not increased a penny, and if the transfer passengers pay fares the average passenger will pay eight cents, making over 200 per cent. gross profit.

Free transfers created a class of passengers who before had walked rather than pay two fares. It would be better for their health had they continued to walk. Now that such a ride costs ten cents, they had better return to walking and keep their money, instead of paying dividends on watered stock.

The shopping district of New York is within walking distance for more than a million people. All the women who go to shop should walk. It would give ten cents more to spend—twenty cents more in many cases now that free transfers have been cut off—and it would give them better appetites when they get home.

Maybe if all women shoppers would walk there would not be so many complaints from husbands about the inadequacy of their dinner. If everybody walked, plain food would taste so much better that there might be more home cooking and less delicatessen housekeeping.

Letters from the People.

Quarrelsome Commuters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I used to live in the suburbs. Now I live in New York. On the ferries and trains I used to hear commuters quarrel, spat and snarl at each other every day or so. In the overcrowded subway and "L," where conditions seem much more provoking, I don't hear such disputes or see so many signs of ill temper once a month. Who can tell why? It's a puzzle to me. EX-COMMUTER.

Noisy New York.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Now that warm weather brings the open window, it also is bringing the yelling huckster, the noisy janitor, the early morning street organ music and late at night flat piano banging. Can't this fearful racket be eased up by law if not by common consideration, readers? Help! N. S.

At the Top.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Should the opening of a horseshoe when hung on the wall be at the top or the bottom? I. R. V.

Cost of Living.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some time ago, when hard times came, there were many prophecies that they would bring corresponding decrease in the cost of living. That hasn't come, and I see no signs of it. What reader can tell me why not? There must be some good reason and everybody would be interested in hearing it. So get busy, wise readers. When the price of milk went back from nine cents a quart to eight cents and cream's price still stayed up, someone quoted the words of the famous Joe Struble, of Dover, as to the fact that there wasn't much cream on cheap milk. But surely, even at present prices, milk should have fine cream. So with all branches of food stuffs. When will the prophesied drop come, readers? QUERIST.

Chances for a Young Man.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I would like experienced readers to discuss this, as it should be of interest to many. What are the chances for a young man of twenty-three (who is willing to work and study) to become a civil engineer, and how can he best get a position to learn civil engineering? As I was compelled to hustle for a livelihood at an early age, I was unable to get a good education, or even master a trade. Feeling the want of an education more than ever, I am eager to know how to obtain it.

J. E. B.

On Side Nearest Curb.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

When walking with two young ladies should a gentleman walk on the side nearest the curb or in the middle?

S. R.

April 14.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date did Easter Sunday fall in 1895? GUSTAVE.

A Drug Store Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is an example for some of your readers: A customer came into drug store and asked the clerk for some pills. "I want 1,[illegible] pills put up in four boxes, so that each box will contain a number of three figures, of which the first two figures, read together, will equal three times the last, plus one." The poor clerk was puzzled, so asks readers to solve it. W. F. K.

Waiting at the Hall.

By Maurice Ketten.

A Loose Roll of Cotton Batting Escapes From Mr. Jarr in a Car and Causes a Fluffy Sensation With Lots of Fun and Trouble.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"I WISH you'd stop off at one of those dressmaker's supply stores on your way home to-night and get me a roll of cotton batting," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I thought you were going downtown to-day," said Mr. Jarr. "I don't know a dressmaker's supply store."

"I'm not going downtown to-day," said Mrs. Jarr. "You are always fussing if I do stick my nose out of the door a minute, so I intended to do some mending to-day. One thing I am going to mend is the quilt on Willie's bed; the dog tore it."

"That's a nice place for the dog to be," said Mr. Jarr. "I'm sure"——

"Never mind what you are sure of," said Mrs. Jarr wearily. "If you will let him have a dog he will take the dog in the bed. You said yourself that all boys do that, and you used to when you were a boy. There are plenty of dressmaker's supply stores on Sixth avenue or Eighth avenue, and it won't take you a minute to get me the cotton batting. Of course, if you would prefer me to buy a new quilt I'll do so, if it's too much trouble for you to do a little errand for me!"

"Oh, all right, all right, I'll be the goat," said Mr. Jarr, "but Sixth avenue and Eighth avenue are far from the Subway."

So Mr. Jarr went his way, and, strange to say, when homeward bound he remembered the cotton batting and disembarked and searched and walked for an hour till he found a small store and made his purchase. Coming back he embarked in a Subway train again, which was jammed and crowded.

Before very long the paper had worked loose from the end of the roll of cotton, and a lady with a black coat tapped Mr. Jarr on the arm.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with frigid politeness, "but would you mind taking that cotton from under your arm—you are ruining my clothes!"

Mr. Jarr let go of the strap to shift the bundle under his other arm, and a small man with wiry whiskers got a beard full of the floss, to the great amusement of of two messenger boys, one of whom remarked: "Pipe Santy Claus!"

"If people will carry limburger cheese and other objectionable parcels, why don't they walk?" said the little man, glaring at Mr. Jarr. Mr. Jarr begged to be excused, and held the package in front of him. "Hey, look what you're doing," cried a voice, and a fat man standing beside him commenced to brush the lint off his coat. A slim young man next to him politely began to pick a tuft or two off the fat man's waistcoat.

"What are you trying to do there?" shouted the fat man angrily.

"Trying to pick this stuff off," said the slim young man.

"You're trying to pick my pocket," said the fat man. "This is a new gag, this is! Having a confederate carry cotton around to get all over people's clothes and then"——

"What's the matter with you?" asked the young man, "do you take me for a crook? Anybody that puts their hand in your pocket would get in debt. You make another crack like that and I'll knock your block off!"

The fat man attempted to strike out with his cane, but only succeeded in punching the little man with the whiskers in the stomach.

Immediately there was a struggle, and the fat man's hat was smashed, and a lady commenced to scream, announcing that some one had stepped on her foot.

The messenger boys shouted "Hit him, fatty! Sick him, whiskers!" and snatching a few stray handfuls of the offending cotton fluff, rubbed it slyly on everybody's clothes within reach.

"Keep your shirt on, there!" yelled the guard. But the fat man, the slim man and the little man with the whiskers were in a triangular clinch by this time, and had no thoughts of their shirts.

At the next station they were bundled out and taken to the station-house by the police, and the train went on, after a delay, with the lady whose foot had been stepped on pointing out Mr. Jarr and declaring he was the one that should have been arrested.

Arriving home, Mrs. Jarr received the frayed bundle coldly. "Oh," she said, "did you get it? The old quilt isn't worth mending. I'm going to get a new one."

"Mrs. Jarr," said Mr. Jarr, with a steely glare, "you take this accursed stuff and fix that quilt while I watch you. Or else, woman, pack my things and we part forever!"

Gertie Grafte Entertains Bill

By R. E. Dorsey

The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 18.—ANDREW JACKSON. Part III. The Presidency.

"DO you people suppose I'm such a fool as to think myself fit to be President of the United States? No, sir! I know what I'm fit for. I can lead a body of men in a rough way. But I'm not the man for President."

So spoke Andrew Jackson when, in 1823, some admirers suggested he had a chance as Monroe's successor for the White House, and he thought this reply settled the question for all time. With memories of a genius like Washington and men of polish like Madison and Monroe, "Old Hickory" could not imagine his own uncouth, illiterate, fire-eating personality in the Chief Executive's chair. But the idea was only for the moment shelved by his scornful refusal. We had acquired Florida in 1819 and Jackson had been our first Governor of the new province. In 1823 he once more went to the Senate.

Jackson had almost no selfish personal ambition. There was absolutely nothing of the cheap, climbing politician in his nature. But he was tremendously susceptible to flattery. His friends played on this weakness, and by means of it they talked him at last into standing for Presidential candidate.

So he plunged eagerly into the campaign of 1824, receiving ninety-nine electoral votes to John Quincy Adams's eighty-four. Seventy-eight other votes were cast (Henry Clay getting thirty-seven); thus there was no majority. The election then came for decision before Congress. Clay "threw" his influence to Adams, who thus was elected and made Clay his Secretary of State. It was Jackson's first great setback. He declared Adams had won by means of "bargain and sale," and promptly became his enemy and Clay's. In 1828 Jackson won the Presidency, beating Adams by 178 to 83. He refused to pay the usual formal call on Adams, whom he regarded as a cheat. Scarcely was Jackson in office when he originated the system of "to the victors belong the spoils." He ousted Adams's appointees from office and filled the remunerative posts with his own followers. Here is one instance of this: From the beginning of Washington's Presidency up to March, 1829, only seventy-four postmasters had been "removed" from office. Inside of a single year Jackson made about 2,000 such civil service removals. Thus an absolutely honest, upright President unknowingly paved the way for a huge system of corruption, graft-work and incompetence. Hitherto public office had been looked on as a public trust. Now it became one of the rewards for election work, personal friendship and political influence. The scheme was worthy of a cleverer, less honest man. Jackson was known as "the first Democrat." The old Republican party had died out and was partly replaced by the Democratic, of which Jackson was leader. His opponents were called "Whigs." The original political beliefs and differences between these two parties have been explained in an earlier article.

The Fight for Office.

Another change set in. Formerly men of national prominence had been chosen for the Cabinet. Jackson chose his own friends, politicians whose names were almost unknown. "Old Hickory" seems to have relied little on their advice, but treated them more as clerks than as high officials. A group of his personal friends and flatterers, outside the Cabinet, were his real advisers. So fully did he rely on their judgment and act on their suggestion that these unofficial counsellors became known as the "Kitchen Cabinet." Amos Kendall, a machine politician, was chief of this group and was responsible, more than any one else, for most of the Administration's blunders.

The first of many of Jackson's Presidential rows was caused by a woman. Eaton, Secretary of War, married a widow to whom certain gossip attached. Hence, Cabinet society snubbed her. Jackson's own wife had just died, and in memory of the unjust scandals which had attacked "the fair Rachel," he became Mrs. Eaton's defender and earnestly aided her to re-establish herself. The quarrel ended in dismissal or resignation of the whole Cabinet and the forming of a new one. Next came an interstate breach which foreshadowed the civil war. South Carolina, under the leadership of Vice-President John C. Calhoun (who had become Jackson's enemy), declared the national tariff laws null and void, and added that the State would secede from the Union if the Government should try to enforce such revenue laws. Jackson replied to the threat by sending Lieut. Farragut with a fleet of warships to Charleston Harbor and by ordering a land force of United States troops to make ready to invade South Carolina. In consequence that State did not secede, and Calhoun regained the Vice-Presidency. Henry Clay further smoothed matters over by framing a compromise tariff. The Union at large enthusiastically indorsed Jackson's splendidly prompt move in crushing secession. He won still further favor from the plain people by attacking the United States Bank and vetoing the bill renewing its charter. This action was regarded by the people as a blow at monopoly and alleged graft. Jackson's reasons for opposition to the bank were many. Some were good, some were not.

Preserves the Union.

All this occurred just before Jackson came up for a second term. He received 219 electoral votes, the nearest rival being his enemy, Clay, with 49. He tried to get the United States Bank funds removed to various other banks. McLane, his Secretary of the Treasury, objected. Jackson, as usual, intolerant of opposition, transferred McLane. He was forced to get rid of two such Secretaries before he could carry the measure through. The Senate, in anger at the President's highhanded methods, passed a resolution censuring him. Through the influence of Benton (the man whom Jackson had formerly horsewhipped in a tavern brawl) the resolution was at last withdrawn. In 1835 a painter named Richard Lawrence shot at the President, in the Capitol, but missed him. This was the first attempt to murder an American Chief Executive. On another occasion a naval officer stepped up to Jackson during a public function and pulled his nose. Although the Administration did not lack any variety of excitement, Jackson's reckless financial policies, backed by his Kitchen Cabinet meddling, caused a money panic in 1837. For this and similar reasons "Old Hickory" retired from the office less triumphantly than he had entered upon it. He went back to his Tennessee home, where he died in 1845. Through his loyalty, honesty and courage he had guided the Union safely over rough places. Though by his ignorance and vanity he had made grave mistakes, none of them can ever dim the lustre of his memory in American hearts.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained [illegible] by sending a one-cent stamp for each article to "The Evening World Circulation Department."

Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Was Bluebeard a Good Husband?

Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON Sunday a New York newspaper published what purported to be the first authentic life of Bluebeard, in which it appeared that the famous multiple husband was not in reality a bad man at all, but had been much maligned by history. If we are to believe this chronicle, Bluebeard was not an ogre who killed his seventh wife for opening, against his command, the closet in which the bodies of her six predecessors were hanging up, but a simple French country gentleman whose first six wives were all lost, strayed or stolen, and whose seventh contrived his murder in order to wed again. Perhaps the rehabilitator of Bluebeard's reputation thinks he performed a noble service for that formerly fearsome person. But, to my mind, to deprive a historic villain of his villainy is no less cruel than to strip his aura from a long-reputed saint.

Who steals his purse steals trash, but he who filches from him his bad name has much to answer for.

Most of us are neither very good nor very bad. The specialist in either direction, be he hero or villain, has earned his reputation and should not be lightly deprived of it.

Poor Bluebeard! Stripped of his matchless cruelty, he stands before the world helpless and ridiculous as a picked chicken. The same spirit which has deprived most of us of the cherished belief that Nero fiddled while Rome burned and transformed him into a pillar of civic virtue only less imposing than Jacob Riis, now seeks to undermine the old-established reputation of the meanest husband in history. Yet, much as we would cling to our ideals of wickedness, it must be admitted that the ruthless restorer of Bluebeard's reputation is probably accurate.

For though it is generally assumed that the fact that a man—Bluebeard, for instance—had seven wives argues him worse than one who lived to be middle aged without acquiring any, the contrary is apt to the case. This, on the worldly principle that he who loves and runs away may live to wed another [illegible] more to his advantage, Bluebeard never once married for money. He simply was weak enough to prevent any strong-minded lady with the marrying mania to annex him.

This, at least, is what we must believe if we allow old Bluebeard this belated whitewashing.

But I prefer him black, or, rather, blue, as he was [illegible].